

(1a)

THE
PURSUITS OF LITERATURE:

K

A

SATIRICAL POEM

IN DIALOGUE.

WITH NOTES.

Audaci quicunque afflate Cratino,
fratrum Eupolidem prægrandi cum sene palles,
Aspice et hæc, si forte aliquid decoctius audis,
Inde vaporatâ lector mihi ferreat aure.

PERS. SAT. I.

PART THE FIRST.

SECOND EDITION REVISED.

LONDON:

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Just published,

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The Second and Third Parts of
THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

Printed for J. OWEN, Bookseller, No. 168, Piccadilly.

Either of the Parts may be had separate.

*It is intended, if the Author's avocations will permit, to publish the
FOURTH and Last Part of this Poem in the Course of the
Year 1797.*

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE FIRST PART.

IN regard to the various subjects which are considered in the following composition, I recommend to my readers a passage from a collection of the most pleasing and informing treatises in natural philosophy which I ever read, or I believe ever were written; I mean the Chemical Essays by Dr. Watson, the present Bishop of Llandaff; vol. iv. p. 257. It is this; " Sir Isaac Newton
" and Dr. Bentley met accidentally in London, and
" on Sir Isaac's inquiring what *philosophical Pursuits*
" were carrying on at Cambridge, the Doctor replied—
" none—for when you go a hunting, Sir Isaac, you kill
" all the game; you have left us nothing to pursue."—
" Not so, said the philosopher, you may start a variety
PART I. B " of

“ of game in every bush, if you will but take the trouble
 “ to beat for it.” “ And so in truth it is,” (observes
 Bishop Watson) “ every object in nature affords occa-
 “ sion for philosophical experiment.” I may add, that
 such a state of society and of literature, as the present, af-
 fords occasion for numerous *experiments* and observa-
 tions, without any danger of mutual interference.

In this Poem no imitation whatsoever is intended of
 any former writer, ~~or of any former poem.~~ My inten-
 tions are just and justifiable to reasonable men, who will
 reflect on what has passed and is passing before them.
 Satirical writings must indeed submit to the imputation of
 ill-nature, though I see no necessary connection between
 them. For my own part, I do not feel the spirit which
 dictated the verses of Archilochus; for me, the fountain
 of Helicon may still flow *unstained* and *gentle*.* I
 have no private animosity in my nature; but I come forth
 (boldly enough, I will confess, but as I ought to do) in
 behalf of my country, her literature, her laws, her reli-
 gion, and her government. Nor would I publish this
 satirical Poem, *but from a full conviction of it's*
tendency

* Αἰμαζας Ἐλικῶνα τον ἡμερον.

Anthol. Epig. in Archilochum.

tendency to promote the public welfare, in it's degree and according to it's subject, when it is (if it ever should be) *studied* and considered with impartiality.

GENERAL OBSERVATION

ON THE STATE OF THE LITERATURE

THE PROGRESS OF LITERATURE

IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

The progress of literature in the nineteenth century has been marked by a series of important events. The discovery of the printing press, which has enabled the knowledge of the world to be spread more widely than ever before, has been one of the most important of these events. The discovery of the printing press has enabled the knowledge of the world to be spread more widely than ever before, and has been one of the most important of these events.

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GENERAL OBSERVATION

ON EACH OF THE PARTS OF

THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

THE characters, either of persons or of books, which are introduced into any of the parts of this Poem, are considered and brought forward by the author upon no private motive whatsoever, direct or indirect; but simply and solely, as the conduct of the persons, or the manner of the compositions, or the principles of the writings, tend to influence and affect the learning, the government, the religion, the public morality, the public happiness, and the public security of this nation.

This Poem claims the freedom of an Excursus, but if the Reader should (at any time) think proper to peruse it once attentively, without a reference to any of the notes, it is imagined, that the order and connection of the subjects should be perceived. The Poem was not written to introduce the notes, but the notes were composed to illustrate the poem. If they are taken together, it may be said with truth,

Alterius sic

Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amice.

THE
PURSUITS OF LITERATURE:
A SATIRICAL POEM
IN DIALOGUE.

PART I.*

THE AUTHOR AND OCTAVIUS.

THE AUTHOR.

I who once deem'd my race of labour run,
And camps, and courts, and crowds, and senates shun,
Still to the public raise no venal voice,
In all the freedom of spontaneous choice,
Through tracts aloft on daring pinions rove, 5
Where'er by duty borne, or led by love.

Yet

* First published in 1794.

Yet not unconscious of this awful age,
 I mark what new conflicting systems rage,
 Systems which laugh to scorn th' avenging rod,
 And hurl defiance to the throne of God; 10
 Shake pestilence abroad with madd'ning sweep,
 And grant no pause—but *everlasting sleep!* (b)
 Blood-guiltiness their crime; with hell they cope;
 No flesh, no spirit now must rest in hope,
 But under foliage dark, and cypress gloom, 15
 The(c)sculptur'd mock'ry marks and seals the tomb.

New lights on all, but on the Poet, rise,
 Still can he smile, and with no murm'ring sighs
 Can

(b) This alludes to the French decree which abolishes, *by law*, (1793) a futurity of existence. Impiety and absurdity are the natural consequences of their principles.

(c) The French have also decreed, that in every church-yard trees shall be planted, and the figure of sleep erected pointing to the tombs; and this sleep they decree to be *eternal*. N.B. This was the fact, when *this First Part* of the Pursuits of Literature was *first* published—It may be so again, or may be so at this moment, 1796.

Can own well-pleas'd, that *now* the meanest bard,
 Bavius, (*d*) or Maro, finds *the same* regard ; 20
 Not as Mæcenas once with partial ray
 Illum'd the rising glories of his day,
 Whose orb the Mantuan plains alone would warm,
 Or beam propitious on the Sabine farm.

OCTAVIUS.

Fond, idle, dull complaint: pray what's your view?
 What charter has a poet to renew? 26

Yet

(*d*) The name suggests the honourable mention of a poem lately published, under the title of "The BAVIAD," or an Imitation of the first Satire of Persius. *Quæ tibi, quæ tali red-dam pro carmine dona?*—Though the author professes to be conversant only among the *sheep folds* at present, he threatens a descent upon the nobler and more *reluctant animals*. If this be a first production, the poet must proceed with the consciousness of genius: he has the ground-work of all excellence, good sense, and a knowledge of just and harmonious expression. He has divulged his name *imprudently*: such compositions require secrecy for their effect; especially if they are published at an early period of life, and still more if the poet commences his career with satire. Mr. Pope suffered *pure description* to hold the place of sense for a long time before he took his proper station. The author of *The Baviad* has taken some pleasant trouble off my hands. The *Albums*, the *Laura-Marias*, the *Feringhams*, *Antony Pasquins*, *Mary Robinsons*, *Piozzis* and *Bozzi's*; the *Phillidas*, *Hypsipilas*, *vatum et plorabile si quid*. Unfortunately there are too many left. (1794.)

Yet ah ! why write at all ? The world's so fickle,
 Scarce is there room for Sheridan(*e*) and Tickell.(*f*)
 And though in tone sonorous, blithe or grand, 29
 The loud *Laurentian* (*g*) trumpet through the land
 Sound Pitt, and Prettyman, and Rose, and Rolle,
 With strength of Stentor, but Mezentian(*h*) soul;
 The

(*e*) I am sorry to say of this extraordinary man, that in the realms of wit and humour he is now silent. "Unus sceptra potitus, eadem aliis sopitu' quiete est." Why is it so ? Politics are transitory ; wit is eternal.

(*f*) Since this was written, the public has lost this very ingenious man. He was the happiest of any occasional writer in his day ; happy alike in the subject and in the execution of it. —I mention with pleasure *Anticipation*, the *Wreath of Fashion*, &c. &c. &c. and I wish to preserve the name and remembrance of such a man as Mr. Tickell. Poets and ingenious men, who write on occasional subjects with great ability, are too often lost in the most undeserved oblivion. But we must recollect, that even such a poem as "The Absalom and Achitophel" of Dryden himself (perhaps his greatest production) was but *occasional*, and written for a party.

(*g*) It is hardly necessary to remind the reader of the political composition of the *Rolliad* and the *Probationary Odes* by Dr. Laurence and company.—N. B. The Doctor may be consulted in private at the blue and buff lamp, on the subject of these state hand-bills. If the political infection is recent, the Doctor removes it in a few days.

(*h*) I am sorry to perceive too much of the *contemptor divum* in these compositions ; and a little of it, as Mr. Burke, the friend of Dr. Laurence, says on another occasion, is a great deal too much.

The Doctor may for Fox and Portland vouch,
With spectacles on nose, (i) but empty pouch.

Why must *you* seek this sad Cumæan shore ? 35

Or why to genius give one victim more ?

AUTHOR.

Forgive me ;—all conspire to waste my time ;
 Languor, and care, and solitude, and rhyme :
 Now while each sage, to fame and science known,
 Or leaves the field of life, or listless grown, 40
 (k) Reviews his trophies with an idle pride,
 Sick of the dunces rising at his side.

C

If

(i) Shakespeare says, “ *With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side.*” I am contented simply to admire Doctor Lawrence’s spectacles, but I have ventured to qualify *his pouch* : though he best knows what mines may be sprung in the neighbourhood of Bulstrode and Beaconsfield. (1794.)—I know not for whom Dr. Lawrence *now* will vouch ; I am certain I will not vouch for the Doctor. (1796.)

(k) I allude to such publications as, “ *Prose on several Occasions, accompanied by some pieces in verse. By George Colman, (Senior.)*” I think, however, that it is a provident wisdom in men of great abilities

PART I.]

If I *may* write, let Proteus (1) PRIESTLEY tell,
 He writes on *all* things, but on nothing well ;
 Who, as the dæmon of the day decrees, 45
 Air, books, or water makes with equal ease.

May

abilities, like Mr. Colman, to collect and publish what they wish to deliver to posterity as *their own*. Posthumous works are rarely to be considered in *that* light.

(1) *Proteus Priestley*.—There is one very material difference between this Proteus and his namesake of antiquity. Of the latter it is recorded *Sine vi non ulla dabit præcepta* ; now our Proteus gives *precept upon precept, line upon line ; here a little and there a little* ; and is continually obtruding *his oracles* upon the public, *without any compulsion* at all, upon every subject which can, or which cannot be known. I believe that Dr. Priestley would dispute very *intelligibly* upon the famous Germanic question, “ *Utrum Chimæra bombinans in vacuo possit comedere secundas intentiones.*” But I shall leave the Doctor to the care of Bishop Horsley.*

* As to Dr. Priestley’s *King-killing* wishes and *opinions* take a few words: “ IT IS TO BE REGRETTED, that the situation of things was *such*, that THE SENTENCE (of DEATH on Charles the First) could not be passed by the WHOLE NATION OF THEIR REPRESENTATIVES, solemnly ASSEMBLED for that purpose.” *Priestley on Government*, p. 39. How must this Reverend Deputy elect to the National Convention of France have *exulted* on the 21st of Jan. 1793 !!! The Deputy, however, had the wisdom of the *serpent* in not taking his seat, though he could not assume the innocence of the *dove*.—The late Mr. Gibbon well understood Dr. Priestley’s character and opinions, and expressed himself strongly on that subject. No man of discernment can see their *direct tendency* but with reprobation, and sometimes not without fear or horror! (1794.)—Lord Sheffield has lately published the correspondence between Mr. G. and Dr. P. in the first volume of Mr. Gibbon’s Posthumous Works, &c. These letters are not unworthy of attention. (1796.)

May not I strive amid this motley throng,
All pale and pensive as I muse along?

OCTAVIUS.

Say, would your thought to Homer's pomp aspire,
Or wake to loftiest rapture Pindar's (*m*) lyre? 50

C 2

Go

(*m*) *Pindar's lyre*.—In this verse I speak of the great *Theban*: but there is an obscure person, stiling himself PETER PINDAR, of whom I shall say a few words. This man certainly possesses a mind by no means uninformed, and a species of humour: but it is exhausted by a repetition of the *same* manner, and nearly the *same* ideas, even to disgust. He has the power of rhyming ludicrously and is sometimes even gifted with poetry; and, finally, he is puffed up with a vanity and self-conceited importance, almost without a parallel. This obscure man has contrived, by these qualifications, to thrust himself upon the public notice, and become the scorn of every man of character and of virtue. Such is the blasphemy, such the impiety, the obscenity, the impudence, and the contempt of all decent respect, which pervade his numerous pamphlets in verse, that the reader is ill repaid by the lively sallies of humour which frequently animate this mass of crudities. I form my judgment *from his works*, and not from acquaintance with the man. Yet I hear that he breathes a warm *constitutional* spirit, because, forsooth, he has told us, in some trumpery ode, of the necessity of a *king* or

Go then, and view, since clos'd his cloister'd day,
The self-supported melancholy GRAY : (n)

Dark

or a *log*, or a *nail*; after he has perpetually reviled, and held up to scorn every master principle by which government and society are maintained. I will not waste a verse on such a character; but say honestly and plainly, that though I can often smile and sometimes be pleased with the humour and the manner, yet I think I perceive such a rooted depravity and malignity of heart, that *from the consideration of his works*, I can affirm almost unequivocally of this obscure man, in the words of the severest writer of antiquity,

Stupet hic vitio, et fibris increvit opimum

Pingue, caret culpâ, nescit quid perdat, et alto

Demersus, summa rursum non bullit in unda.

N. B. This man's works (now published) amount *in value* to above *four guineas*; but we are informed that a set may be had for TWO GUINEAS AND A HALF IN 4TO or TWO GUINEAS *in four volumes 8vo.*!!!—What an inducement to a purchaser! (1794)—Posterity (if it can be supposed that such trash should exist) will be astonished, that the present age could look with patience on such malignant ribaldry. I am very sorry, that Mr. Roscoe in his admirable life of Lorenzo de Medici, and The British Critic, (I suppose inadvertently) should give any portion of it the slightest approbation. For shame! *Non hæc in fœdera!* (1796.)

(n) This character of Mr. GRAY is drawn from the consideration of his *Memoirs and Letters*, published by Mr. MASON.

Dark was his morn of life, and bleak the spring,
 Without one fostering ray from Britain's King : (n)
 Granta's dull abbots cast a side-long glance, 55
 And Levite gownsmen hugg'd their ignorance.
 With his high spirit strove the master-bard,
 And was his own *exceeding great reward* ; (o)
 Years in their hopeless tardy courses pass,
 'Till, some few grains yet ling'ring in his glass, 60
 He rose late-heeded by patrician care, (p)
 Though private friendship help'd him to the chair.

Saw you not MASON stand with down-cast eye,
 While great Augustus pass'd unconscious by ? (p/p)
 'Till

(n) If I have read Mr. Gray's Letters rightly, I believe he neither sought nor wished for royal favour. I wish however that it had been *offered* to the first poet and the first scholar of the age.

(o) " I am thy exceeding great reward."

Genesis, chap. xv. ver. 1.

(p) He was appointed *Professor of Modern History* in the University of Cambridge, late in life, by the duke of GRAFTON the Chancellor, at the particular recommendation (as it was strongly believed) of Mr. STONEHEWER.

(p/p) The discernment of his Majesty George the Third in poetical merit is acknowledged in the patronage of Dr. Beattie, Author of *The Minstrel*, and of Mr. Cowper, Author of *The Task*. Mr. Mason must have been *overlooked* for a particular reason. I shrewdly suspect that Mr. Stonehewer (the common friend of Mr. Gray and Mr. Mason) *could account* for it.

'Till wrapt in terrors of avenging night, 65
 He starts *Macgreggor* (q) with dilated might.

Have you not seen neglected PENROSE (r) bloom,
 Then sink unhonour'd in a village tomb ?
 Content a curate's humble path he trod,
 Now, with the poor in spirit, rests with God. 70

To worth untitled would your fancy turn ?
 The Muse all friendless wept o'er MICKLE's urn:

MICKLE,

(q) See the *Heroic Epistle* to Sir William Chambers, and the *Heroic Postscript* to the Public, by Malcolm Macgreggor, Esq. A friend of mine has assured me that I am wrong in this conjecture, and I must own that the *Epistle to Shebbeare*, and the *Dean and the Squire*, attributed to the same author, have diminished my confidence in its probability. But as I had written the lines, they may stand as a tribute of gratitude to a man from whose acknowledged poetry I confess myself to have received much delight. The strains of *Musæus* and the *Druid* minstrels have still their charms, and he must have cold feelings who cannot be moved by the simplicity of *Elfrida*. The *Engli's Garden*, though with some faults, deserves the thanks of every admirer of our national taste.

(r) See the *Flights of Fancy*, 4to. by Thomas Penrose, Curate of Newbury, Berks. The names of the poems alluded to are these, *The Helmets*, *The Carousal of Odin*, and *Madness*.—He published these himself, and no more; and I speak of these. No author should be judged for posthumous works, published by friends, except he ordered them to be published after his decease.

MICKLE, who bade the strong poetic tide
Roll o'er Britannia's shores in Lusitanian pride.(s)

AUTHOR.

Then I must suit the temper of these times, 75
Degraded now to mere *historic* rhymes,
And last be hail'd, in some sagacious page,
The finest brightest poet of the age,
And that with grave solemnity so sad, 79
Faith, 'tis enough to make poor HAYLEY (t) mad.
No :

(s) WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE, a man of genius, and of great poetical powers. He translated the *Lusiad* of Camoens in a free paraphrastic manner, but with the spirit of an original poet. I never could account for the neglect of such a work.

(t) Hayley.—Piger scribendi ferre laborem,
Scribendi rectè, nam ut multum nil moror.

The notes which Mr. Hayley, who is a very ingenious man and a pleasing scholar, has written on his various poems are very amusing, and not unfrequently afford much instruction. Had he but learned the *art of blotting*, he might possibly have attained considerable eminence, and *preserved* it; but as he is in general too feeble, tedious and insufferably prolix, consequently, &c. &c. See Horace, who has pronounced an irrevocable sentence on all such persons stiling themselves poets, *however voluminous* their works may be.

No : though in vain I may attempt to please,
I'll write with learning what I think with ease.

What?—from the Muse, by *cryptogamic*(v) stealth,
Must I purloin her native sterling wealth?

In

(v) See the *Botanic Garden, and Loves of the Plants*, by Dr. Darwin. I wish men would peruse the treatise *de Causis Corruptæ Eloquentiæ*, before they attempt by *prettinesses*, glittering words, *points*, conceits, and *forced thoughts*, to sacrifice propriety and just imagery to the rage of mere novelty. This will always be the case, when writers in prose, or verse (if I may be allowed to use *Sancho's* phrase a little metaphorically) “want better bread than is made of wheat.” Such poetry, as Dr. Darwin's, marks the decline of simplicity and true taste in this country. It is to England, what Seneca's prose was to Rome. *Abundat dulcibus vitiis*. Dryden and Pope are the standards of excellence, in this species of writing, in our language; and when young minds are rightly instituted in their works, they may, without much danger, read such glittering verses as Dr. Darwin's. They will perceive the distortion of the sentiment, and the harlotry of the ornaments. It would also be a happy thing for all naturalists, whether poets or writers in prose, if they would in the words of a true poet, “Look through nature up to—Nature's God!” Dr. Darwin is certainly a man of great fancy; but I will not cease to repeat that *good writing* and *good poetry* require something more.

Οὐ γὰρ ἐν μέσοισι κεῖται
Δωρὰ δυσμαχητὰ Μοῦσᾶν
Τῷ πικρυχόντι φέρειν.

In filmy, gawzy, gossamery lines, 85
 With *lucid* language, and most dark designs,
 In sweet *tetrandryan*, *monogynian* strains
 Pant for a *hystill* in botanic pains;
 On the luxurious lap of Flora thrown,
 On beds of yielding vegetable down, 90
 Raise lust in pinks; and with unhallow'd fire
 Bid the soft virgin violet expire? (x)

Is it for me to creep, or soar, or doze,
 In modish song, or fashionable prose? (y)
 To pen with garreteers obscure and shabby, 95
 Inscriptive nonsense in a fancied *Abbey*; (z)

D

Or

(x) I would just hint, that it is a matter of some curiosity to me to conceive, how young ladies are instructed in the terms of botany, which are *very significant*.

(y) *Modish Prose*.—I allude to the poisoning of sentences, their triads, and other artificial divisions of modern prose, by which the whole simplicity and natural dignity of our English style is abandoned and lost.

(z) Such trash as a pamphlet called *Kilckhampton Abbey*, &c. &c. &c. in short, the whole *mugitus labyrinthi*.

PART I.]

Or some *Warkworthian* hermit tale endite,
Such ditties as our gossip spinsters write ?

Or must I tempt some *Novel's* lulling theme,
Bid the bright eye o'er *Celestina* (z) stream; 100
With fabled knights, and tales of slighted love,
Such as our Spanish Cato (a) might approve ?

In *Travels for the Heart* (b) and not the head,
From post to pillar, and from board to bed,

Thro'

(z) Put for almost any modern novel. Mrs. Charlotte Smith, Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. Mary Robinson, Mrs. &c. &c. though all of them are ingenious ladies, yet they are too frequently *whining* or *frisking* in novels, till our girls' heads turn wild with impossible adventures, and now and then are tainted with democracy.—Not so the mighty magician of THE MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO,† bred and nourished by the Florentine Muses in their sacred solitary caverns, amid the paler shrines of Gothic superstition, and in all the dreariness of enchantment: a poetess whom Ariosto would with rapture have acknowledged, as the

La nudrita

Damigella Trivulzia AL SACRO SPECO. O. F. c. 46.

(a) The late venerable *Earl Camden* (once Lord High Chancellor of England) is said to have learned *Spanish* very late in life, to read the romances in that language, having exhausted those written in English, French and Italian. All the world knows that *Cato* learned *Greek*, at sixty years of age, to read the romances in that tongue.

(b) All such works as abound in what is called in modern jargon, *The sublime instinct of sentiment*,

† ANNE RADCLIFFE.

Thro' climes of various woe the pilgrim lead 105
 'Till Charlotte droops, and master-misses bleed.

O G T A V I U S.

If these disgust, to serious cares attend,
 And make serene Philosophy your friend. 108
 Pen some choice *Fragment* (b) in the genuine taste,
 Each pow'r combin'd of wit and learning waste;

D 2

Smart

(b) Alluding to the swarm of free thinking and democratical pamphlets with which the public has been pestered. It is hoped that the interference of the legislature and the constitutional exertions of private societies have either lessened their number, or deprived them of their malignant intentions. The time for discrimination seems to be come. Toleration is fully granted to all opinions, subject to the controul of the legislature after their publication, in the open courts of law by the verdict of a jury, in which *true liberty* consists. Good order and just authority are necessary.

But HE is chiefly to be consulted, who, if I may be allowed to use the language a little metaphorically, who, I say, *hath stood between the dead and the living and stayed the plague** EDMUND BURKE; greater and brighter in the decline than in the noon day of his life and vigour. It would be an injury

to

* i. e. By his masterly, vigorous, and formidable exposition (in all his late works) of the French principles in all the fullness of their deformity and in the terrors of their operation. The spear of Ithuriel discovered displayed Satan in his proper shape.

Smart and concise, with deepest meaning fraught;
 Neat be the types, and the vignettes high-wrought:
 With frontispiece to catch the gazer's eye,
 Treason, the pile, the basis, blasphemy: (d)

Free

to name the works † whereof all Europe rings; but to his countrymen they speak with a force not to be resisted.

OMNES

Admonet, et MAGNA testatur VOCE per umbras,
 DISCITE JUSTITIAM MONITI ET NON TEMNERE DIVOS.

(d) *The basis, blasphemy.*—This is the progress of modern Republicanism. The dissolution or rejection of *all* religious principle prepares the mind for breaking every bond of established government, however just or reasonable, to introduce into practice some *new* theory of *general* good: so very *general*, as to have nothing to do with the good of the individual. For the nature of this GENERAL GOOD consult the National Assembly and Convention of France: “Agri, edificia, loca, possessiones (COELUM ET MARE *prætermiserunt, cætera complexi sunt*) publice data, ASSIGNATA, vendita!” Cic. de Leg. Agr. Orat. 3—Mirabeau began with these memorable words: “Si vous voulez une REVOLUTION, il faut commencer par *decatholiciser la France.*”

† On a second consideration (1796) I think it right to name them. 1. Reflections on the Revolution in France, and on the proceedings in certain societies in London relative to that event. (1790.) 2. A Letter to a Member of the National Assembly, (1791.) 3. An Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs in consequence of some discussions in Parliament relative to the Reflections on the French Revolution (1791.) 4. A Letter on the Attack made on him in the H. of L. by the D. of Bedford and the E. of Lauderdale (1796.) 5. Two Letters on the proposals for Peace with the Regicide Directory of France. (1796.)

Free from dull order, decency and rule, 115
 With dogmas fresh from the *Sans Souci* school,
 With definitions vague and terms unknown,
 With seeming candour, but imperious tone,
 Mankind's meek friend, and *Nature's* gentle priest,
 Laugh at Confucius, and next aim at CHRIST; (e)
 Then

(*) One of the most extraordinary treatises of this kind, is a work in French, intitled, "THE RUINS: or a Meditation on the Revolutions of Empires by MR. VOLNEY, Deputy to the National Assembly in 1789." It is written with some spirit, and not without eloquence in some parts, and abounds with what is now called *Philosophy*. The intent of this book is to attack every principle of religion in the heart, even the principles of the religion now termed *natural*. Mr Volney wishes to convince mankind that every pretence to revelation, in every age and in every country, is equally false and equally unfounded; and by a jargon of language, and antiquity, and mythology, and philosophy, he labours to confound and blend *them all* in uncertain tradition and *astronomical* allusions; and all this is attempted to be done, that the world may be prepared for the French Revolution, and the principles on which it was effected. In this point he seems to act not without reason, as the principles of this revolution are laid in the rejection of *all* religion, and were so *from the beginning of it*; though we may be surprised when we are assured, that it is "An age of DELIVERANCE for a great people and OF HOPE FOR ALL THE EARTH!!" p. 88.† The real ignorance of this man on the subject of true religion is as conspicuous as the puny literature which appears to support his strange doctrines and foolish opinions. Upon the subject of what he calls the *Fili-*

ation

† I refer to the pages of the French original.

Then bending low, with equal reverence search
 The storied portico, and sainted church, 122
 Till

ation of religions (for the French must have their new jargon of words in every subject) he says; " We acknowledge " in one word, that all the theological doctrines on " the origin of the world, on the nature of God, on " the revelation of his laws, the appearance of his " person, *are nothing more than recitals of astronomical facts,* " and figurative and emblematical stories of the play of " the constellations!!!" p. 167. I cannot but acknowledge the superstition and credulity of mankind in many parts of the world; but what Mr. Volney would impose for the truth, exceeds the bounds of any credulity ever yet required. Then he introduces the systems of idolatry, the worship of the stars, the two principles or *dualism* (a little more French jargon) the *monde animé*, and the *monde machine*, Mosès, Zoroaster, Confucius, and Brama: and last comes *Christianity*. The chapter on this subject is the strangest of all, for he declares that Christianity consists in the allegorical worship of the Sun, under the cabalistical names of *Chris-en*, or *Yes-us* or *Jesus!!!!* " *Christianisme ou culte allegorique* " *du Soleil, sous les noms cabalistiques de Chris-en ou Yes-us* " *ou Jesus!!*" And this is a formidable opponent! this is one of the guides to whom we are to give up our prejudices! Read any one of the four Evangelists and give your own answer. The impudence of Mr. Volney is at least equal to any other power he possesses; for he requires of his reader only the surrender of his common sense, and common understanding, and the common principles of any knowledge: yet he demands the admission of all his allegories and mystical meanings, (of which, in the true French stile, no doubt is to be entertained,) and then the world is emancipated and delivered. From what

Till, wheedling round with metaphysic art,
 You steal Religion from th'unguarded heart,

And

what?—from credulity and superstition. Q. E. D. Upon this Mr. Volney observes *the priests murmur*. I think the laity will at least do as much, at the words of this apostle of nonsense, blasphemy, folly, and—the rights of mankind, which the French never fail to introduce, when they have laid *them all* prostrate, civil, moral and mental. This is but a *specimen* of such writers to whom we are to bow as the *deliverers* of mankind from *superstition*, and the directors of our minds in the ways of *truth*. *Professing themselves wise they are become fools!*—The best men are indeed convinced how inscrutable are the works of Providence, and how incomprehensible the nature of God, and they lament their own insufficiency. Yet they feel themselves bound by the laws of reasoning and of the specific evidence in every great question, divine and human. They are best prepared to acknowledge *the depth and height* of eternal wisdom and mercy, and the difficulties of attaining to this knowledge. They assent to the words of a man of no vulgar erudition or mediocrity of talents, when he declares, “*Quantis suspiriis et gemitibus fiat, ut quantulacunque ex parte possit intelligi Deus!*”—Before I close this note, I cannot help reminding, not informing, every reader, that even Tacitus, the favourite author of many free-thinkers, (though I know not why,) has borne testimony to the existence and last sufferings of JESUS CHRIST, under the procurator Pontius Pilate, in the reign of Tiberius. “*Auctor nominis ejus CHRISTUS, qui Tiberio imperitante, per procuratorem Pontium Pilatum, supplicio affectus erat.*” Annal. 15. S. 44. Yet we are assured, with an effrontery without a parallel, that CHRIST, or *Chris-en* is a *cabalistical* name of *the Sun*. So is the name of Cæsar, of Socrates, or of Plato.

And in the seesaw undulating play

125

The moral chorus dies in words away.

Thence careless saunt'ring in Vacuna's vale,

Tune to your listless lyre some *Crazy Tale*; (f)

Dash for applause, nor seek a poet's name,

Content with scribbling, and ambiguous fame, 130

From laws of metre free, (which idly serve

To curb strong genius and it's swelling nerve;)

In verse half veil'd raise titillating lust,

Like girls that deck with flow'rs Priapus' bust. (g)

Go

Plato. Are we not *ashamed* of listening to such writers as Mr. Volney, who address us in so unworthy a manner? Who ever tells a child of five years old in the nursery, that an apple is a piece of bread, when the apple and the bread are *before* the child? Yet this is the manner in which Mr. Volney would treat the whole human race, men and women, learned and unlearned. The *general* character of all these writers may be expressed in language at once awful and true: "*Non est qui judicat vere; confidunt in nihilo, loquuntur vanitates; concepti sunt laborem, pepererunt iniquitatem.*"

(f) See *Crazy Tales*, &c. and the whole school of La Fontaine.

(g) See ANGELICA KAUFFMAN's elegant print; but it is to be remembered that the subject is purely classical.—
N.B. A friend of mine would *insist* upon my perusing a long disquisition in quarto, ON THE WORSHIP OF PRIAPUS, (in

1786)

Go turn to MADAN, and in Gospel truth, 135
And *Thelyphthoric* (*h*) lore, instruct our youth :

E

Some

1786) with numerous and most disgusting plates. It has not been published, but distributed liberally,† without any injunction of secrecy, to the *emeriti* in speculative Priapism, as one would think. As I hope the treatise may be forgotten, I shall not name the author, but observe, that all the ordure and filth, all the antique pictures, and all the representations of the generative organs, in their most odious and degrading protrusion, have been raked together and *copulated* (for no other idea seems to be in the mind of the author) and *copulated* I say, with a new species of blasphemy. Such are, what I would call, the records of the stews and bordellos of Grecian and Roman antiquity, exhibited for the recreation of antiquaries, and the obscene revellings of Greek scholars in private studies. Surely this is to dwell mentally in lust and darkness in the loathsome and polluted chamber at Capreæ.—*Essays on Landscape* may, I hope, purify the mind: and as the author is conversant with Greek writers and is now at a certain time of life, I recommend to him a sentence from an author, who perhaps is not in his catalogue, though Mr. ——— would be thought a *philosopher*:
Σοφία πρῶτον ἀγνῶν ἐστίν, ἔπειτα εἰρηνικὴ.

(*h*) See a book intitled *Thelyphthora*, or *The Causes of Female Ruin*; in 3 vols. 8vo.

† i. e. By the *Dilettanti* Society. The solemnity with which the *Dilettanti* meet and present their valuable works to the chosen few, and the inscription in the blank leaf of each book, are rather ludicrous. The President (of the day) is invested with a Roman Toga in a sort of consular pomp. Before the vote for printing Mr. ———'s *Priapus* passed, I should have said with Roman sternness, *I licet, colliga manus*.—This Roman farce would (and perhaps may) form the subject of a legitimate Satire. (1796.)

PART I.

Some plain positions lay, as simply thus ;

Marriage (i) *consists* in—*actu cōitūs* :

Laymen may have ten wives ; poor priests but one :

Then growl at British laws in surly tone, 140

That “ loving man must grind with loving wife

In *mold asinaria* during life.”

Or THICKNESS-like, (k) give useful *Hints for Health*,

For public good, though not for private wealth ;

Like

(i) These expressions, and some that follow, are taken verbatim from the book itself ; and yet there are persons who think that such treatises should be answered seriously.

N.B. If in this and in a very few other places, I have been obliged to introduce expressions *rather strong*, I beg pardon, which will be granted by readers who reflect : for it is impossible to give an effectual exposure of the unwarrantable and scandalous licence of some writers without it. The following excellent words will explain my meaning : “ The “ *ancient satirists* often used great liberty in their expressions ; but their freedom no more resembles this licentiousness, than the nakedness of an Indian does that of a common prostitute.” HUME’s *Hist. of Eng.* vol. viii. p. 334. (*Si sic omnia !*)

(k) Mr. THICKNESS, in his *Valetudinarian’s Bath Guide*, dedicated to the earl of SHELBURNE, now Marquis of LANSDOWNE, has these words : “ *I myself am now turned of sixty, and in general, though I have lived in various climates, and suffered* “ *severely*

Like him, to shun the cold embrace of death,
 Inhale in virgin arms ambrosial breath. 146
 Go, and the paths of Europe trace with Coxe, (n)
 Stretch from the Alpine snow to Norway's rocks,
 Or turn full-fraught from bleak Siberia's shore,
 And leave us just as knowing, as before. 150

E 2

Or

"severely in body and mind; yet having always partaken of the
 "breath of young women whenever they lay in my way, I feel none
 "of those infirmities which so often strike my eyes and ears
 "in this great city, in men much younger than myself." Chap.
 v. to which Mr. T. has put *his own* name, and he is rather a
 voluminous author. But, alas! what says a witty Italian:
 —*Bella femina che ride, vuol dir, borsa che piange.*

(n) This author is a gentleman of learning, ability and
 information; but he is too prolix and too voluminous. A
 writer of Travels should tell the public what *he* has seen
 or heard *himself*, and *not* abridge histories of former times, and
 insert them in his book, or croud it with biographical me-
 moirs of deceased great men. Travels lose their name *by this*
method of composition, and the public complain with justice
 of the noble art of book-making. Mr. Coxe is a writer of
 great respectability and a good man; but my fear of his works
 passing into an example, has *extorted this notice* from me. I
 look upon it as a duty to the public, and to the Common-
 wealth of Literature.

Or bound with BARRINGTON in charming spell,
Of Irish (o) trouts with gizzard stomachs tell;

While

(o) This alludes to a very ingenious account transmitted to the Royal Society, in the year 1774, of a strange fish called the Gillaroo Trout, with the gizzard-like stomach. "The first time, (says the honourable Mr. BARRINGTON) I ever happened to hear of this singular fish, was from an Irish Judge, who being on the Connaught Circuit, at Ballynrobe, in the County of Mayo, expressed his incredulity with regard to their existence; but was obliged to pay the common Irish wager of a rump of beef, and a dozen of claret, on three or four being produced the next day from a neighbouring lake." The honourable and ingenious Mr. B. next proceeds to inform the Royal Society, that these gizzard-stomachs are often served up at table in Ireland, (which account this R. S. swallows with as much ease as it would the trout itself); but supposing that some might be inclined to doubt, he adds, "I could corroborate this fact, were it necessary, by the testimony of an Irish Archbishop." From an Irish Archbishop, by an easy transition, Mr. Barrington introduces an English Fishmonger, and declares with great solemnity, "I have shewn the stomach to Mr. EVERETT of Clare Market, a very intelligent fishmonger, who declares, that though he has cut up thousands of trouts and salmons, he never observed any thing similar in the inside!" See (what are called) PHILOSOPHICAL Transactions, 1774, page 116. *Euge, bene, recte.* I cannot help saying to Mr. B. on this occasion,

Propera stomachum laxare saginis,

Et tua servatum consume in secula rhombum.

Juv. S. iv. v. 67.

The

While o'er the bulk of these *transacted* deeds
 Prim BLAGDEN pants, and damns (h)'em as he reads.

A U T H O R.

The reader will observe the rhetorical beauties in this short extract. Mr. B. darts from Ireland to England with incredible swiftness, even from Ballynrobe to Clare-market; then come in long array, incredulous Irish judges, and rumps of beef, with dozens of claret, not tempered, I would swear, with water from any trout stream. Next appear *Irish Archbishops*, and INTELLIGENT *English Fishmongers*, (an epithet, by the bye, he denies the Archbishop) and all this waste of beautiful language and deep research is expended to convince the R.S. of the existence of gizzard-stomach'd trouts. Yet this R.S. not only receives all this nonsensical ichthyological far-rago, but *selects* it for publication BY THEIR COUNCIL. Of Mr. Barrington's talents and erudition I could speak with pleasure; but when such a learned man will write, and a Royal Philosophical Society will publish such stuff, for the edification of Europe, I think it proper to select this (from myriads of late similar pieces of stuff) for public notice, that men of real learning and abilities (as I acknowledge Mr. B. to be most readily) may be rendered cautious how they *commit* themselves and the societies to which they belong. The R. S. has been, and might again be, of national utility and honour; it has my best wishes, and *therefore* I have written this note. (1794.)

(h) It is by no means intimated that Doctor (I beg pardon) SIR CHARLES *Blagden* (the Secretary to the R. S.) is given to profane swearing when he is tired on such occasions, but such works damn themselves. It cannot be otherwise till the *Council* will exert some discrimination, and refuse

to

A U T H O R.

Hear me yet once: (oh might these labours end,
 And I to peace and privacy descend !) 156
 Must I, like CHATTERTON, (*q*) that varlet bright, (*r*)
 Rousesome new ROWLEY (*s*) from a steeple's height?
 Like

to shelter themselves under their foolish declaration of not answering, *as a body*, for the works they publish. Every society must be answerable for its own *sense* or *nonsense*, AS A BODY, unless they choose to inscribe, in large gold letters, over their meeting room, "CORPUS SINE PECTORE!"

(*q*) I draw my humble information of Chatterton from his life in the *New Biographia Britannica*, though I cannot compliment Dr. Gregory on such a meagre performance. They *who have time*, may read Mr. Tyrwhit, Mr. Bryant, Dr. Milles, Mr. Thomas Warton, and all the tribe of major and of minor critics (*of single and of double pinks*, as Mr. Sheridan would say,) on this *important* subject: but I have read something about *vite summa brevis*, &c. &c. and confine myself to the *general view* of this controversy in Mr. Mathias's candid and comprehensive Essay.

(*r*) "I am the veriest *varlet* that e'er *chew'd*;" says Falstaff in Henry IV. Part I, Act 2.—Mr. HORACE WALPOLE, now Lord Orford, did not, however, seem to think it necessary that this *varlet* CHATTERTON should *chew at all*. See the *Starvation Act*, dated at STRAWBERRY HILL. Vide Gregory's Life as above, &c.

Like HARDWICKE, (t) shelves with gossip volumes
 Of *Baby Charles*, and *Jemmy's slave and dog*; [clog,
 Of Lorkin's (v) diligence for lords' arrears, 161
 With trumpery notes of long forgotten peers?

Shall I new anecdotes from darkness draw,
 Which e'en the peering Walpole (w) never saw,
 . With

(s) As to this strange subject, the worst that can be said of it is, *magno conatu magnas nugæ*; but they are trifles rather pleasant and instructive. I am sure Dr. Milles *proved* a pleasant subject for that chef-d'œuvre the *Archæological Epistle*, written by Mr. Mason.

(t) See the *Miscellaneous State Papers*, published in 1773, by the late Lord HARDWICKE, in 2 vols. 4to. Letters from *Baby Charles's* dear Dad and Gossip, James the First, and his *slave and dog*, Stennie Buckingham, &c. &c. There are however some curious and valuable papers in the collection. The noble Editor was a man of learning.

(v) Mr. LORKIN doth use *miraculous diligence* about your "Lordship's arrears." *State Papers*, vol. i. p. 631. N.B. It often requires *miraculous diligence*, even in these days, to get at one's arrears. See Mr. Pitt, and the Lords of the Treasury if you can get a sight of them. I never could.

(w) The Hon. Horace Walpole, now Lord Orford.

With *wire wove* (x) *hot press'd* paper's glossy glare
 Blind all the wise, and make the stupid stare, 166
 And with some painting or antique vignette,
 In trance old BOYDELL's fond subscribing set ?

Or

(x) All books of all kinds are now advertised to be printed on a *wire-wove paper* and *hot-pressed*, with *cuts*, down to the *Philosophical Transactions*, (the uniformity of which work is destroyed by this folly unworthy of such a society) and Major RENNELL's learned Memoir on Hindostan ; as if the intention were, that they should be looked at and not read. As to the fury for *prints and cuts*, even *Blackstone's Commentaries* are now (1794) published in numbers by a *Six-penny Professor* of law, adorned with *pretty cuts* ; and I hear that the *Sixpenny Professor*, Mr. Christian, has promised a fine whole length of a *Nisi Prius*, and a rich view of a Chancery suit in *perspective*, by Bartolozzi, who will engrave them *himself*, or *lend his name*, which is now the same thing with some artists, at least the public think so. As to these *wire weavers* or *drawers of paper* and *hot-pressers*, must we say to the public, in the indignant words of Apuleius, " Quousque frustra pascetis ignigenos istos ? " Surely this foolery must soon cease.

I wish every author who prints and publishes *his own works* on a *wire-wove paper* and *hot-pressed*, would imitate the honesty of the late Sir William Chambers, Knight of the Polar star who says, in a letter to Voltaire, which accompanied his wonderful book on Oriental Gardening ; " It contains (says the knight) besides a great deal of nonsense, two very pretty prints by Bartolozzi." *Europ. Mag.* for Sept. 1793.—While this note was printing, I was informed that COKE was
 LYTTLETON

Or must I as a wit with learned air, 169
 Like Doctor Dewlap, (y) to Tom Payne's (z) repair;
 Meet Cyril Jackson (a) and mild Cracherode, (b)
 'Mid literary gods myself a god: 172

F There

LYTTLETON, with Hargrave's notes is advertizing to be published on a *wire-wove paper* and *hot-pressed*. This folly, by such a proceeding, must surely sign its own death-warrant. I wish, to be sure, some of our *Statutes at Large* could be a little *wire-drawn* and *hot-pressed* by a Committee of *Parliamentary Printers and Compositors*.

(y) Put for any portly Divine, *né pour la digestion*, as Bruyere would say. The reader will supply one to his fancy. But he must not imagine, that I mean mere London Divines, frequenters of routs, plays, operas, Bond-street, and Kenfington Gardens, or chatterers in booksellers' shops, *as the representatives* of the British Clergy, who, as a class of men, are *in general* distinguished for literature and philosophy, and for manners correspondent to their profession.

(z) Not that detestable fellow whom we all execrate, and who is now *with or without* a head in France, I hope in the *late fashion* of that country (in 1794)—but one of the best and honestest men living, Mr. Thomas Payne Senior, to whom, as a bookseller, learning is under considerable obligations. I mention this *Trypho-Emeritus* with great satisfaction.

(a) The present Dean of Christ-church, Oxford, exemplary for his diligence and learning 'in our University,' as the Dean *loves* to talk.

There make folks wonder at th' extent of genius
 In the Greek Aldus or the Dutch Frobenius,
 And for the edification of their souls, 175
 Quote *pleasaut* sayings from *The Shippe of Foles* ?
 Hold ! cries Tom Payne, that *margin* let me measure,
 And rate the separate value of each treasure :
 Eager they gaze—"Well Sirs, the feat is done ;
 "Cracherode's *Poëta Principes* (c) have won : " 180
 In silent exultation down he sits,
 'Mong well be-Chaucer'd Winkyn Wordian wits.
 Or shall I thence by mock-appointment stop,
 And joke with Bryant at his Elmsly's shop :

And

(b) The Reverend CLAYTON CRACHERODE M. A. Student of Christ Church Oxford, and one of the Trustees of the British Museum. A rich, learned, and most amiable man (to use the words of the son of Sirach) furnished with ability, living peaceably in his habitation. His library is allowed to be the choicest in old Greek and Latin authors, of any private collection in this country.

(c) The famous edition, by H. Stephens, of the principal Greek poets. All literary men, from the little Reverend *Bibliopolish* Dr. Gosset, well known at sales, to the humblest collector, understand this farce of *margin-measuring*, and the profit of it.

And hear it whisper'd, while I'm wondrous pliant,
'Twas DOCTOR *Dewlah* spoketo *Mister* BRYANT. (d)

OCTAVIUS.

How just was he, who in this sapient age,
When learning's varied cares the mind engage,
Stood up self-taught, and in mankind's defence
Pray'd for Professors of plain common sense. 190
But say, what think you of the tragic Stage ?

AUTHOR.

No—you'll excuse me there, I know this age.
What? from the French (e) Aristotelian school,
Must I plan Tragedies by line and rule;

F 2.

To

(d) When I name Mr. Bryant, it is a sufficient eulogy.
But see more in the *Second Part* of this poem.

(e) There are some deep critics who read Aristotle in
French, and quote him in Greek.—I know not what to
say now : the French have proscribed Corneille, Racine, &c.

To the high Gods address my first appeal, 195
 Then bid the press my hidden worth reveal,
 While round my temples many a tendril plays
 Of owlish ivy with the Mævian bays;
 And close in mournful pomp the tragic rear, 199
 Though Jephson (c) scarce can gain the public ear.

OCTAVIUS.

Still there are works which lead to sure renown,
 In the lay habit or the sacred gown;
 Will stamp your credit at an easy price,
 Learn'd and ingenious, (d) or a Vir Clariss :

Take

(c) *Jephson*:—Author of *Braganza*, *The Count of Narbonne*,
 &c. My wish is,

Grande munus

Cecropio REPETAT cothurno.—But no more dull
Roman Portraits in 4to.

(d) Any person who communicates even a single note to the
 modern editors of Shakspeare, is stiled the *learned* and *ingenious*
 Mr. two stars **: the title of *Vir Clarissimus* is appropriated
 to the commentators on the Greek and Roman classics, and
 often with the same propriety.

Take Markham's *Armorie* (e), John Taylor's *Sculler*, (f)

Or Sir Giles Goosecap, (g) or proverbial Fuller ;

With

(e) The names of some few books of that vast system of *coglionerie*, or *Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, which is called forth to illustrate our old dramatic writers. It is high time that *the reader of sense* should see what may be called in the old language, "THE UNTRUSSING OF THESE HUMOROUS CRITICS," namely, the Commentators on Shakespeare, from George Steevens, Esq. downwards. The first chapter of Markham's *Booke of Armorie* is intituled, "*The difference between Charles and Gentleman*;" and it ends thus: "From the offspring of *Gentlemanly Japhet* came Abraham, Moses, Aaron and the Prophets, &c. &c.; also the King of the right line of *Mary*, of whom that only *absolute Gentleman Jesus* was born, gentleman by his mother *Mary* *Princesse* of coat-armour, &c."—Reader, Mr. Steevens and Dr. Farmer will tell you *all this is so*, and QUOTED too, Hen. V. vol. ix. p. 441, edit. 1793; though you may begin with a staring doubt.

(f) John Taylor dedicates his *Sculler* "To the whole Kennel of Antichrist's Hounds, Priests, Friars, Monks, and Jesuits, Mastiffs, Mongrels, Islands, and Bloodhounds, Bobtail'd Tykes, &c. &c. &c."

(g) Old plays intituled, "*Sir Giles Goosecap*, Banks's Bay Horse in a trance, Pierce Pennyless's "*Supplication to the Devil*, Webster's *White Devil*, *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, &c. &c. &c.; in short, *toute la diablerie dramatique*."

With Upton, Fabell, Dodypoll the nice,
Of Gibbe our cat, (*h*)white Devils or (*hh*)old Vice;
Then

(*h*) *Of Gibbe our Cat.*—Falstaff says, “I am as melancholy
“as a GIBBE-CAT.” H. IV. p. 1. a. 1. sc. 2. On this the
Commentators are right pleasant. Dr. Johnson begins,
“A Gibbe cat means, *I know not why*, an old cat.” Dr. Percy
informs us next, that a *Gib*-cat in Northamptonshire,
means a *He*-cat, which in some parts of England is called a
ram-cat, and in Shropshire a *tup* cat. Then follow other
wise critics, and last of all appears Mr. Thomas Warton,
who brings a train of *authorities* on this important question,
shewing *how* Gib is short for Gilbert, and *Tib* for Ti-
bert; *how* Jack is appropriated to a horse, and *Tom* to a
pigeon: *how* Chaucer, in his *Romaunt de la Rose*, mentions
Gibbe our Cat, to which *Tib* was synonymous, as it is at this
day; *how* we read in *Gammar Gurton's Needle* (which is a right
pleasant, witty and merry comedy, written by Mr. S. Master
of Arts) viz. “Hath no man stolen her ducks, or gelded
GIBBE her cat?” Upon which Mr. Warton very gravely ob-
serves, “the composure of a cat is almost characteristic, and
I know not, (see Dr. Johnson's words above) whether there is
not a *superior solemnity in the gravity of a HE-CAT.*” Mr.
Steevens says, “A *Gib* cat is a cat qualified for the seraglio,
“for all animals so mutilated become drowsy or melanco-
“ly.” Mr. Warton and Mr. Steevens have left it a matter
of doubt whether *their own drowsiness and gravity* and that of
their *brother-commentators* was in consequence of &c. &c. &c.
(See Abul-Pharagi's great Babylonish chapter, “De Semira-
“mide, Sapientibus ejus & Eunuchis, &c.”) To be sure they
do sympathize with Gammar Gurton, and her poor unfortu-
nate *Gibbe-cat*. For my own part, I neither can, nor (if I
could) would I decide this momentous question; and will
only add, (without being in the least melancholy or drowsy my-
self)

Then lead your readers many a precious dance,
 Cap'ring with Banks's 'Bay Horse in a Trance:' 210
 The Housewife's Jewel read with care exact,
 Wit from old Books of Cookery (i) extract :

Thoughts

self) in the words of an author who imparted a manly vigour to the Roman muse, "*Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur, mascula dicas.*"

(hh) OLD VICE was a personage very frequent in our ancient comedies. I beg leave to present my reader with a part, (and a very short part) of Mr. Upton's account of him. "Old Vice was a droll character in our old plays, accoutred with a long coat, a cap, a pair of asses ears, and a dagger of lath. This buffoon character was used to make fun with the devil, and he had several trite expressions, as, "I'll be with you in a trice—ah-hah, boy, are you there? &c." and this was great entertainment to the audience to see their old enemy so belaboured in effigy. Vice seems to be an abbreviation of Vice-devil, as Vice-roy, Vice-doge, &c. and THEREFORE called very properly THE VICE. He makes very free with his master, like most other Vice-roys or Prime-ministers, so THAT he is the devil's Vice or Prime-minister. And, (adds Mr. Upton) this it is which makes him so saucy." Extract from Mr. Upton's note on Rich. III. act. iii. sc. 1. N. B. I make no doubt but the reader will observe the beautiful compliment to monarchy and aristocracy most logically deduced. This personage has been much patronized of late in France, where every species of VICE, old or new, is exercised and used without any abbreviation, to speak with Mr. Upton.

Thoughts to stewed prunes and kissing comfitssuit,
 Or the potatoe, (k) vigour stirring root : 214
 And

(i) *Books of Cookery*.—I am afraid that these extracts will prove what Decker, in his *Gul's Hornbook*, calls, "*The sinful Suburbs of Cookery*." Mr. Collins, (in his POTATOE-note, at the end of *Troilus and Cressida*) extracts without a blush, from the *Good Housewife's Jewel*, a receipt with all the ingredients AT FULL LENGTH, "*To make a tart that is a COURAGE to a man or woman*." And this is but a specimen.

Non more probo ; cum carmina lumbum
 Intrans, et tremulo scalpuntur ubi intima versu.

(k) The commentators on Shakespeare are peculiarly, and even zealously, studious in minutely explaining and declaring all the various modes and receipts which the age of the *Virgin Queen* afforded or recommended for the service of the *Queen of Love* and soft desire. Whole pages are absolutely filled with venereal provocatives, with the power of *kissing comfits*, *stewed prunes*, the virtues of *potatoes*, *eringo-root*, &c. &c. Must these comments be stiled the "*Pauca suo Gallo quæ vel legat ipsa Lycoris*?" I sometimes doubt what book I have in my hand. These fair editors give all they can, nor let us dream the rest.

After a very long note on *stewed prunes*, by Mr. Steevens,* vol. v. p. 375, edit. 1778, and vol. viii. p. 529, Edit. 1793,
 " (which

* Mr. Steevens in his advertisement to the edition of Shakspeare in 1778, seems to have had his scruples on the subject of these pious prunes, and virtuous bulbs; "Such, (says he) as would be acquainted with the propriety of Falstaff's allusion to *stewed prunes* should not be disgusted at a multitude of instances, &c. &c. &c."—N.B. Some folks are very sagacious, and cry out first; but it wont do.

And then returning from that antique waste,
Behail'd by Parr, (1) THE GUIDE OF PUBLIC TASTE!

G A U T H O R.

" (which see,) *The Reverend Doctor Farmer* adds, very properly, that Mr. Steevens has *so fully* discussed the subject " of *stewed prunes*, that one can add nothing but *the price*;" (Right:—*Hoc defuit unum FABRICIO*:† *Juv. S.4.*) and therefore, adds the *Reverend Doctor*, in a *piece* called *Banks's Bay Horse in a Trance*, 1595, " we have a stock of wenches set " up with their *stewed prunes*, NINE for a tester." At other times these subjects are explained in the learned languages, (for the use of scholars) as in vol. iv. p. 211, edit. 1778, and in vol. iv. p. 80, edit. 1793, by Mr. Steevens. "*Urticæ mari- næ omnes pruritus quendam movent, et acrimonia sua " VENEREM sopitam et extinctam excitant.*" Johnston. *Hist. Nat. de Exang. Aq.* p. 56. I protest I sometimes think these reverend or ir-reverend commentators are about to change sexes, or have done so, and set up for (what Milton in his *Apology for Smectymnus* calls) "*Old Prelatesses* with all their young *Corinthian Laity*." I wonder we have never yet had *The Beauties* of Mr. Steevens, of *The Reverend Doctor Farmer*, of Mr. Collins, (the potatoe-critic,) &c. &c. as a convenient manual for young or old men, who would be young. Mr. Collins has given the public four pages in 8vo. small print, on the astonishing virtues of POTATOES, (*a tempest of provocation*) printed by themselves at the end of *Troilus and Cressida*. This *useful* note would have been placed with better grace at the end of "*Love's Labour Lost*."—It is indeed matter of great and offensive scandal to *obtrude* such refuse and filth upon THIS nation, and upon ALL the countries in the East and West who read Shakspeare's works. It is highly injurious to make Shakspeare the vehicle of so much obscene trash, raked together from old plays, old cookery

† *Fabricius*, i. e. *George Steevens Esquire!*

PART I.

books

A U T H O R

What?—must I enter the dramatic course;

Burst through the countless squadrons foot and horse?

Alh.

books and trumpery novels. But, I am told, the poet must be illustrated. In these particulars, Mr. Steevens, Dr. Farmer, Mr. Collins, and Mr. (I know not whom)—may as well *illustrate* the latter part of the fourth book of Lucretius. The corruptions of our nature are the most mortifying comment; they need neither incitement nor *illustration*. A man of sense, if not of morality, in remarking on all such passages, would content himself with saying, "This or that passage contains an indecent allusion not uncommon in the novels or plays of the time;" or at least would content himself with a single instance to shew it. Whatever is more than this cometh from a source which is not good. At present there really should be an *expurgatory index* to THE BEST edition, (and it is the best) of Shakspeare, before it is put into the hands of ladies and the younger part of the readers of Shakspeare. I believe there is not one *reflecting* scholar in this learned kingdom, who will not join in this and in the following criticisms on the present subject, whether the criticisms are severe, jocular, or indignant.

Carminaque Aonidum, JUSTAMQUE probaverat IRAM!

(1) The Reverend Dr. Parr, in his dedication of "Tracts of Warburton and a Warburtonian, &c." (reprinted in 1789) note 8. p. 150, has most kindly pointed out to such undiscerning persons as myself, that "*Malone, Reed, Farmer,*
" and

All that for Massinger and Beaumont fight,
But leave their authors in a wretched plight ; 220

G 2

From

" and *Tyrwhitt*, have come forward as THE GUIDES OF THE " PUBLIC TASTE." To be sure he has added, " Mr. *Steevens*, " the two *Wartons*, BURKE, and in his critical capacity, Dr. " JOHNSON." But even in this latter part I must remark a strange coalition. With the names of *Burke* and *Johnson* who can place a third modern in the same rank? Of Mr. *Steevens*'s classical erudition and ingenuity much might be said; yet all he has acknowledged as his own writing, consists of notes on *Shakespeare*. Every one must regret that the *History of English Poetry* was left unfinished by its lamented and learned author; and as to his brother *Joseph*'s pleasant *Common-Place Book* on *Pope*,† it was always amusing to me. But when the title of *Guides of the Public Taste* is given to *Malone*, *Reed*, *Farmer* and *Tyrwhitt*, who are note-makers alone by profession, I find myself constrained to look into my *English Dictionary* for the meaning of the words *guide* and *taste*.

I have selected this passage from the splendid dedication of these Warburtonian Tracts, in which a man, in the vigour of his faculties and strength, has not thought it unbecoming his character to attack, like a puny whipster, the established dignity of departed excellence; and with unbridled licence of language has endeavoured to invade the retreat and the repose of a most learned and venerable prelate,‡ now in full age and hoary holiness. I speak with feeling of such a conduct, and I speak with the feelings of a man; for what is a mere scholar and a quoter of Greek, when he forgets the man? I trust Dr.

Parr

† *Dr. Warton* is now (1796.) about to publish a new Edition of *Pope's Works* in 8vo. I think it would be advisable to print a new Edition of them at the same time IN QUARTO, as it is very much wanted, to complete the quarto editions of classical authors.

‡ *Dr. Hurd*, Bishop of Worcester,

From CAPELL steal, yet never own the theft,
And then desert (*m*) him of his store bereft.

Oh injur'd Patron of our noblest bard !

CAPELL, (*n*) receive this tribute of regard,

And

Parr has severely felt the unmeaning vanity and silly cruelty of calling forth again to public notice tracts, which their authors long wished to give up to oblivion. Leland, and the great and truly liberal Jortin, might have been as ably defended at another time, and in another place. I cannot be repaid for such indecent conduct by the amusement I receive, (to use Dr. Parr's own words) "*from the lucky and lucid intervals between the paroxysms of* (Dr. Parr's) "*polemic phrenzy; from all the laughable and all the loathsome singularities which float upon the surface of his,* (Dr. Parr's) "*diction; nor can I hang with fondness and admiration over the crowded yet clear and luminous galaxies of imagery diffused through* (Dr. Parr's) *works, p. 151.*" &c. &c. But if I should quote any more of such words, the reader would take the Doctor's Greek for English, and his English for Greek, and be apt to cry out with honest old Doyley, in the farce of *Who's the Dupe?* (which I am not, but the Doctor may know who is) "I'll be cursed if this is English." Indeed I have no more time or place to allot in this *first part* of my poem to Dr. Parr.—I refer my reader to the *Third Part*, in which the Doctor makes a more public and distinguished entry.

(*m*) There are men now in great vogue who will feel the force of these two lines,

(*n*) Mr. CAPELL, the Editor, I call him *the Patron*† of SHAKSPEARE.—This gentleman was of a singular turn of mind,

† The ὁ Προστατευων.

And may this feeble verse to life and light 225
Call forth thy name, and vindicate thy right.

Must I for SHAKSPEARE no compassion feel,
Almost eat-up by COMMENTATING (o) zeal?

On

mind, perhaps a little too minute, but of a curiosity unbounded and insatiable. They who are acquainted with his critical writings on Shakspeare, and his accurate researches into this species of antiquity, and who have considered and estimated *his* edition of the Poet, will not scruple with me to pronounce him *The Father of all legitimate Commentary on Shakspeare*. To this gentleman's intimacy, and to the knowledge of his most learned investigations, were admitted men whom I forbear to name. But mark the consequence. *His* edition was condemned, or I should rather say, *damm'd* by those who, in the poet's own words,

“ To his *unguarded* nest, like *weasel* critics,
Came *sneaking*, and so suck'd his princely eggs.”

And when the SCHOOL of SHAKSPEARE in 3 vols. 4to was published (alas! after his death) we were told forsooth, that we had nothing to learn on the subject. *Indeed!*—I am pleased, however, to see that Mr. Capell's Preface is admitted into the new edition of Shakspeare, in FIFTEEN volumes. It will not be too much to hope for an edition in *Fifty* volumes quarto, printed on a *wire-weave paper*, and *hot-pressed*.

(o) I hope the reader will not be displeased with a short observation on this subject.—SHAKSPEARE was born in the year 1564, and died on the 23d of April in 1616, on his birthday.

On Avon's banks I heard ACTÆON (*h*) mourn,
 By fell Black Letter ~~Dogs~~ in pieces torn; 230
 Dogs

day. It was not until full *seven years after his death* that his plays were *first* collected and published together in folio, in the year 1623, by two of his principal friends in the company of comedians, Hemminge and Condell. They likewise *corrected* a second edition in 1632. It may seem strange to us, but it is true, that *no other* edition of his works was attempted till *eighty-two years* after that time, when in the year 1714 a *third* edition was published by Mr. Rowe with very few, if any, corrections. Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, Capell, Johnson, Steevens, and Malone, have since that time given new editions: on their several merits this is not the place to speak. Mr. Steevens, in the year 1766, published a particular edition in four volumes in 8vo. of all the plays which were printed in 4to, in Shakspeare's life-time or before the Restoration. It is printed *verbatim*, from the old copies, and is a most curious and valuable edition. Mr. Steevens asserts unequivocally, that "*no proof* can be given that "*the poet superintended the publication of any one of these himself.*" Pref. vol. i. p. 14. If this be true, as I believe, what can any editor arrogate to himself concerning the *genuine text* of this great poet? I am not speaking of *conjectural* criticism, and of an accurate revision of the punctuation, which is of real consequence, but of the *actual words* themselves as written by Shakspeare. The original players, Hemminge and Condell, were in possession of the only MSS. which

† When this note was written (in 1794) Mr. Ireland had not discovered the Shakspeare *manuscripts*, many of which he has since published by *subscription*. I believe Mr. Malone's Enquiry, (in 1796) as well as common sense, has taught us what to think of the *originality* of the Plays and MSS. given to Mr. Ireland or his Son—This subject is considered in the Second Part of "The Pursuits of Literature."

Dogs that from Gothic kennels eager start,

All well broke-in by *Coney catching* (q) *Art* :

Hark,

were extant at the very time when the plays were first acted; and it is probable that the *play-house manuscript copy* was the only one to which they could refer, and no MSS. whatsoever existed after that time.† Shakspeare appears wholly to have neglected or despised reputation in succeeding ages. It is for this age to amuse itself with schools and galleries, and without blame, in my opinion.

(p) Videre CANES; primusque *Melampus*,
Pamphagus et *Dorceus*, velox cum fratre *Lycisca*,
*Ichnobates*que sagax, et villis *Asbolus* atris,
Nebrophonosque valens, et trux cum *Lælope Theron*,
Labros et *Agriodes*, et acutæ vocis *Hylactor*,
 Quosque referre mora est; ea turba CUPIDINE PRÆDÆ
 Qua via difficilis, *quaque est via nulla*, sequuntur.
 Heu famulos fugit ipse suos: clamare libebat,
 ACTÆON Ego sum; DOMINUM cognoscite VESTRUM:
Vellet abesse quidem—sed ADEST. Ovid. *Metam.* lib. iii.

N.B. It is conceived that this *canine* metamorphosis of the Commentators on Shakspeare, will be received in a pleasant point of view without offence; for I must speak it to the credit of our English *black-letter* dogs, that upon the whole there is more harmony among them, (a few cases excepted) than among the dogs that worried Greek and Roman authors in former times. I surely may be excused for this *caninity*, if Mr. Bryant himself has been allowed to declare, without censure, that *Kuves* signify *Οἱ Ἰεπεῖς*: though certainly the *Hierarchy* are infinitely indebted to him for the discovery. Bryant's *Mythol.* vol. i. p. 329, &c.

(q) The singularity of this term (which is the only reason

Hark, JOHNSON(*r*) smacks his lash, loud sound sthedin:

Mounted in rear see STEEVENS *Whipper-in*,

Rich

of my introducing it) called for my attention, as no treatises or farces, or whatever they may be, are more appealed to by the commentators than "Greene's *Art of Coney-catching* ; " Greene's *Ground-work of Coney-catching* ; Greene's *Defence of "Coney-catching* ; Greene's *Disputation between a He Coney-Catcher and a She Coney-Catcher*." As my poor library will not afford these valuable books, I profess myself still ignorant of this ancient *art of Coney-catching*, and therefore am by no means fit for a commentator; yet the reader may perhaps think me fit for writing a note or two upon these "SNAP-PERS UP OF UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES." (Wint. Tale, A. 4. sc. 1.)—I do not agree with Mr. Steevens that *Coney-catching* means the art of *picking pockets*; (see his note on the words "Silly Cheat," vol. iv. p. 368, ed. 1778)—except there is any pleasant allusion, by anticipation, to some late editions of Shakspeare. My poor *pockets* cannot keep up with these rising demands upon them. SIX POUNDS FIFTEEN SHILLINGS!! for the last edition of Shakspeare, and without any binding! I cry you, mercy, my good Master Steevens; think of us poor poets.

(*r*) SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D. The reader must know enough of this *Huntsman*, his green velvet cap, and brown brass-buttoned coat, and his churlish chiding of every hound that came near him, &c. &c. at least it is not *Jemmy Boswell's* fault if he does not.—

This great man's comments on Shakspeare are never sullied and contaminated with minute explications of indecent passages:

He bears no token of those sable streams,
But mounts far off among the swans of Thames.

Rich with the spoils of learning's Black domain,
 And guide supreme o'er all the tainted plain.
 Lo ! first *Melampus* (s) FARMER deftly springs,
 (WALTER-DE-MAPES (t) his sire,) the welkin rings:

H

Stout

In whatever Dr. Johnson undertook, it was his determined purpose to rectify the heart, to purify the passions, to give *ardour to virtue and confidence to truth.*

† *Αὐτοῦ καὶ Θεραπευτὰ.*—We all must regret the loss of the chearfull, the pleasant, and inimitable Biographer.

(s) *Melampus* signifies a dog with black feet. He is supposed to have run over the town and county of *Leicester*, but never could be persuaded to give any account of it.†—This dog scented out the *Learning of Shakspeare* with true and original sagacity, and absolutely *unkennelled* it. This is his proper praise.—Mr. Steevens says, “ Could a perfect and decisive edition of Shakspeare be produced, it were to be expected ONLY (though we fear in vain) from the hand of DR. FARMER, whose MORE “ SERIOUS AVOCATIONS *forbid* HIM to undertake what, &c. “ &c.” See Advert. by Mr. Steevens to Shakspeare, Edit. 1793, p. 11. Such gravity of compliments between two editors reminds me of what Shakspeare calls, “ THE ENCOUNTER OF “ TWO DOG APES.”

(t) *Walter de Mapes* was the jovial archdeacon of Oxford, the Anacreon of the eleventh century. “ *A decent Priest, where “ monies were the gods,*” and author of the *divine ode*, beginning :

“ *Mihi sit propositum in tabernâ mori ;
 Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
 Ut dicant, cum venerint angelorum chori,
 Deus sit propitius huic Potatori,*” &c.

† I lament that Dr. Farmer never published his intended HISTORY OF LEICESTER. I lament it, but I do not reprobate the Doctor, as he behaved in a gentlemanly manner when he declined prosecuting that work, which is a real loss to the antiquary and the lover of topography.

PART I.

Stout GLOUCESTER (u) mark in Pamphagus (v) advance,
 Who never stood aghast in speechless trance ; 260
 The sage Ichnobates (w) see TYRWHITT limp ;
 MALONE Hylactor (x) bounds, a clear-voic'd imp ;
 Nor

(u) Stout Gloucester.—Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester.

(v) Pamphagus—signifies a dog of a most voracious appetite, who snaps at, and devours every thing digestible or indigestible. They who are acquainted with the *Divine Legation*, &c. &c. well know the nature of Warburton's literary appetite and the danger of hunting in the same field with him. With all his eccentricities this was a noble dog, and there is not one of the true breed left worthy of the progenitor, though there are a few mongrels.

(w) Ichnobates means a dog who tracks out the game before him. No one was more diligent than this dog, yet he frequently went upon a wrong scent ; but would never suffer the huntsman to call him off, especially in the neighbourhood of *Canterbury* and *Bristol*.—If I were again to metamorphose these hounds into men, I should lament the application of Mr. Tyrwhitt's learning and sagacity. “ *Illum pro literato plerique laudandum duxerunt, quum ille naniis quibusdam anilibus occupatus inter Milesias Punicas APULEII sui et ludicra literaria consenesceret.*” (Vid. *Julium Capitolinum in Vita Clodii Albini ad Constantium Augustum*;) I will however say, as to my own part, *Illum pro literato laudandum semper duxi*, but with a reserve as to the application of his learning. I wish this *Ichnobates* had been *utilium sagax rerum*.

(x) Hylactor means a dog with a clear and strong voice. One would think that *this dog* was one of Canidia's breed, which
 called

Nor can I pass *Lycisca* MONTAGUE, (y)
 Her yelp though feeble, and her sandals *blue* ;
Asbolus (z) HAWKINS, a grim shaggy hound,
 In *Music* growls, and beats the bushes round ; (a)

H 2

Then

called from the sepulchre the actual remains of the dead to enchant and stupify the living. This dog has been scratching up the earth about *Doctors Commons*, and has torn up all *the Wills* of the actors who lived in Shakspeare's time, and carried them in his mouth to the printer of a late edition of that author.—But when I speak of rational men, it passes the bounds of all sagacity to divine, by what species of refined absurdity *the Wills and Testaments of Actors* could be raked up and published to illustrate Shakspeare. (See Malone's Shakspeare, vol. ii. p. 186, &c. &c. &c. and in the 2d vol. of the edit. of Shakspeare, in 1793.) A critic for such an ingenious invention should be presented with the *altum Sagaxæ caliendrum*, which would not easily fall from his head.—But Mr. M. has redeemed this piece of folly by many valuable literary excellencies.

(y) See her Essay on Shakspeare, chiefly against the French critics. A very pretty Essay, and a great many very pretty things have been said about it, which I shall not contradict. “*Dives agris, dives positus in fœnore nummis,*” is a verse which has always filled a house with sincere admirers, *without any flattery*. N. B. I must observe for the information of posterity, that the meeting of the *female Literatæ* at Mrs. Montague's house in Portman Square, was stiled “the *Blue Stocking Club*”

“Fortunata la Calza azzurra e' d'oro,
 “Si grata a Febo, e al santo Aonio coro!”

Ariosto.

(z) *Asbolus* signifies a dog of a swarthy complexion.

(a) *Beats the bushes round*.—Descriptive of Sir John Hawkins's History of Music.

Then PORSON view *Nebrophonos* (*b*) the shrewd, (*c*)
Yet foaming with th' Archdeacon's (*d*) critic blood ;

(*b*) *Nebrophonos* signifies a dog that slays the fawns and deer, and so in truth it is :

Archdeacons, rats, and such small deer,

Have been DICK's food for many a year.

And, as Lear says, " I'll take a word with this same LEARNED, " THEBAN." My learned *Master* Richard Porson ;—but he loves *no titles* ! It would be better if he did,

(*c*).—Mr. Malone says, the word *shrewd* means *acute*, or *intelligent* ; Mr. Steevens says, it is *bitter* or *severe*. Shakesp. Ed. 1793, vol. vi. p. 430. Reader, you may chuse, or rather combine the terms.

(*d*) The reader may be surprised to find any theological writings in this part ; but Mr. Steevens's ingenuity has contrived to press Mr. Porson's letters to Mr. Archdeacon Travis into the service of Shakspeare ; and by such ingenuity *who* or *what* may not be pressed into it ? This is quite a sufficient excuse for me, or rather a full justification of my allusion to them. See *Tempest*, vol. iii. p. 68, Steev. Edit. 1793. Mr. Steevens stiles Mr. P. " *an excellent scholar and a perspicacious critic* ;" in which I most cordially agree. But, if I am rightly informed, he thanks neither Mr. Steevens, nor me, nor Dr. Parr, nor Dr. Burney the schoolmaster, nor any other Doctor or Mister in this country, for any opinion they may entertain or express of him or his works. He neither gives nor takes.—I find the Archdeacon has re-published his work, and in my opinion has very wisely declined being *led* any more by DICK and the *foul fiend* " through fire, and through flame and " whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire, and having knives laid " under his pillow." But the Archdeacon has had the weakness to print his work on a *wire-wove paper* and *hot-pressed*. Had I been the Archdeacon, I should have been contented with the *hot-pressing* by Mr. Porson—hot indeed, *hissing hot* !—This controversy has no good end : learning is good, and theology is good ; but there is something better, *H Ayan*. There is also

In *Theron's* (e) form, mark RITSON next contend,
 Fierce, meagre, pale, no commentator's (f) friend ;
 Tom WARTON last, *Agriados* (g) acute,
 With *Labros* PERCY (h) barks in close pursuit ;

Hot

also a writer who says, Καταναυχᾶται ΕΛΕΟΣ χριστῶς. Is it not so, Mr. Professor ?

(e) *Theron* signifies a dog of innate ferocity.

(f) *Poor Tom Warton* could have told a piteous tale, how his historic *body* was punched full of deadly bores by this literary Richard III. — Dr. Percy could make a lamentation or two in some ancient ditty, in a *fit* or canto. Mr. Malone probably has felt a gripe rather strong. The antiquaries—but they have *spoken for themselves*.† The Antiquarian Society is *amiable* and harmless, and from what I have seen, their publications resemble the subjects of them, ΝΕΚΥΩΝ ΑΜΕΝΗΝΑ καρνυα. Who could wish to disturb such repose ?

(g) *Agriados* signifies a dog with a sharp tooth.—I always regret the loss of *Thomas Warton* : in his various writings he is amusing, instructive, pleasant, learned, and poetical.—Tom Warton had rather a kindly affection for the jovial memory of Archdeacon Walter de Mapes of the 11th century, mentioned for his drinking ode in a former note. Mr. W. tells us, (with a warm panegyric) in his 2d Dissert. to the Hist. of E. P. that this divine Anacreon wrote also a Latin ode in favour of married priests, concluding with these *spirited* lines :

Ecce

† Nam possunt VITIO nigrum præfigere *Thetæ*. Pers. Sat. 4. A beautiful phrase for *black-balling* a man in any club or society.

Hot was the chace; I left it out of breath;

I wish'd not *to be in* at SHAKSPEARE'S death.

OCTAVIUS.

Ecce *pro Clericis* multum allegavi;
Nec non *pro Presbyteris* multum comprobavi;
Pater noster *pro me* quoniam peccavi,
Dicat quisque Presbyter *cum sua* SUAVI!

I quote this for *my own* sake, *quoniam peccavi*, and am inclined to hope that every *Presbyter cum sua* SUAVI, will be as kind to the author of this poem on THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE. Requiescat!

(*b*) *Labros* signifies a dog that *opens* continually.—But I forget—Si quis dixerit EPISCOPUM *aliquâ infirmitate* laborare, anathema esto.—AND thus I take my leave of the WHOLE black letter KENNEL, with all their wit, and all their follies, and all their merry humours; and they may both now and hereafter, unawed by their great Huntsman who is no more, and most probably unmolested by me, continue to bark and growl, and snap, and quarrel, and teaze one another, till there remains not a critical offal for which they may contend. *Et velut absentem certatim* ACTÆONA clament.

(*i*) “Hæc SAT ERIT, Divæ, vestrum cecinisse Poetam.” So said Virgil, and so says my friend OCTAVIUS, to whose judgment I submit, and write this note *in conclusion* for the *present*, that I may offer and recommend to the consideration of all Poets, Orators, and Writers, sacred and profane, a sentence

OCTAVIUS.

Here yet awhile (*i*) these honest labours close,
And leave indignant Genius to repose.

tence from SWIFT, which I could wish to see engraven in letters
of gold as an everlasting admonition. It is this: "*To say the*
truth, no part of knowledge seems to be in fewer hands,
than that of discerning WHEN TO HAVE DONE."

END OF PART THE FIRST.

1.

THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

PART I.

